The Seed Sower.

A Magazine for the Church, the School, and the Home

VOL. IV. (New Series.) No. 9. SEPTEMBER, 1906. PRICE ONE PENNY.

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Obituary.

DIED on July 21, at sea, on board the *S.S. Republic*, Elizabeth, wife of the Rev. Joseph Wood, minister of the Old Meeting Church, Birmingham. Cremated at Perry Barr, on July 25th.

The Editor of the SEED SOWER takes this opportunity of expressing to many known and unknown correspondents his profound appreciation of the kind and sympathetic messages they have sent him. The letters he has received are so numerous that he finds it quite impossible to reply individually. He trusts his friends will accept this expression of his gratitude for the overwhelming manifestations of goodwill and friendliness so abundantly offered.

O life, O death, O world, O time,
O grave, where all things flow,
'Tis yours to make our lot sublime
With your great weight of woe.

Though sharpest anguish hearts may wring,
Though bosoms torn may be,
Yet suffering is a holy thing;
Without it what were we?

"Sitting by the Well."

BY THE REV. EDGAR I. FRIPP, B.A.

THE life of Jesus Christ during His ministry was full and occupied. He was continually preaching and teaching, and going about doing good. The people pressed upon him to hear him, and many sought him privately. It was difficult to escape from the cares and claims of the world. If he went into a desert-place to mourn for the death of John, the multitude followed him and he had compassion on them as sheep without a shepherd. In the mountain it was not easy to be alone. When he went down to the sea-side, to the coasts of Tyre and Sidon he could not be hid, for a Syro-Phœnician woman came to him in trouble about her daughter. Our text, therefore, contains something like an epitome of his career—"Being weary with his journey he sat by the well."

It is not of the weariness, however, that I want to speak this morning, but of the resting—of the finding a time for quiet thought and recuperation. Notwithstanding the labours and interruptions of his life, Jesus managed to secure opportunities for meditation and prayer. Keeping to the height he at last found solitude; or he put out into the lake and sat in the stern by himself until he slept. Commune he must with Nature and with God, or his work would suffer. No man's work can be better than the man himself, and no man can keep up unless he look up. It was a necessity that Jesus should relax his energies and quietly think and re-

member, and worship, that he should receive, and cultivate the powers and graces of his own spirit, as well as be giving to others. So sending his disciples before him into the city to buy food, he sat down by the well.

And then from his thought and prayer there came, all unexpectedly, without any set purpose or preparation, that wonderful and beautiful discourse with the woman of Samaria about the water that never failed or ceased to quench, and of the spiritual worship not limited to any sect or locality, but to the sincere and reverent heart.

Here is the best of examples for us. Often wearied with our journey we need to "sit by the well." I suppose we would all of us rather live in these days than in any others, but our own time has its disadvantages as well as its advantages, and among the former must be reckoned the hurry and bustle and excitement of our modern civilisation. If we would be men of the twentieth century we cannot cut ourselves off from this element of rush and tumultuousness. We are bound to take our part in it with the rest, and are therefore subject to its evils, physical and spiritual. "We have arrived," as Dr. Sadler has expressed it, "at a bend in the river of Time where the current is unusually strong." And we know how this tells on the health of our generation—how young men and women break down, and people at an age when they should be at their best, are worn out. Very many of us are in danger of using up our vital energies faster than they can be renewed. Work and rest, weariness and recovery, is the law of life, just as it is a law of outward Nature that winter should alternate with summer, and night with day; but it is against the law of life and contrary to Nature if exhaustion is too rapid for restoration, and the renewal is insufficient to meet the waste.

Similarly we want spiritual nutriment and renewal as well as physical. The soul needs its rest as well as the body. Those who plead that they have so much to do that they have no time for thought, and study, and religion, are not more reasonable than the man who tells us that owing to the amount of work before him he must give up food and sleep. We know that such a man is bound to break down. We say that he cannot burn his candle at both ends. So if we do not take care of our spiritual health, if we do little or nothing to feed and strengthen our better nature, if we make but a scanty use of the means of grace, and while God is there rarely approach Him and ask His help, what can we expect but a break-down in character and judgment, and a low materialised condition in which we lack principle and honour and righteous energy, and lose zeal for the good of the world? The invalidism most to be regretted is not of the body, but of the spirit. It is not anæmia, nor neuralgia, nor indigestion, but indifference and feebleness as to the things of God—lack of conscience in public and private affairs, a willingness to accept a poor, low estimate of human nature, a falling-off in every rank of life of the good old English quality of *Godliness*.

We need to "sit by the well" and drink of its pure and satisfying waters.

Wordsworth said, about a century ago, when our modern industrialism and haste to get on were beginning seriously to invade English life—

> Late and soon,
> Getting and spending we lay waste our powers.

It is a common temptation to sacrifice precious leisure for the sake of making a larger income. In order to obtain a few more pounds or shillings a week many a man so uses up his energies that on Sunday he is too tired to do anything but lie in bed or sit in his chair with his pipe and a magazine. This is not "sitting by the well." Such resting does not improve the mind or deepen his better feelings or make life a holier, more beautiful thing after his labour. Our life cannot be really successful if we do not leave ourselves strength to thank God for it. It shows a want of peaceful satisfaction to be so busy getting more that we cannot properly appreciate and enjoy what we have, to be so anxious to improve our circumstances that we are unable to realise how good our condition is. Without a sense of gratitude strong enough to lift up our heart in praise of Him who has done so much for us, and for all men, something is wrong with us; and the common cause of such a state of mind in these

days is that we do not give ourselves *time* to fully grasp the privileges and blessings of our lot. From the pressure of business, in one form or another, we need to escape to those "green pastures and still waters" the psalmist speaks of, where in the presence of God the wasted energies of the soul may be "restored." Who can doubt that our work would be finer work, less it may be in quantity, but of a nobler quality, more worth the doing, after such "seasons of refreshing"? The calm, strong, spirit of trust which breaks through the twenty-third psalm is the atmosphere of all excellent and lasting achievement, and no amount of work, no crowding of our time with task and energy, can possibly secure the same high results. You remember, perhaps, Matthew Arnold's fine sonnet, in which he speaks of

"Toil unsevered from tranquillity,
Of labour that in lasting fruit outgrows
Far noisier schemes, accomplished in repose,
Too great for haste, too high for rivalry."

And whence do we get this "tranquillity"? From Nature, from God's wonderful and perfect workmanship, from God Himself within all His works, and most of all within the soul. Ought we not everyone to have something of the *recluse* about us, something of that apartness from the world which will save us from being of the world and enslaved by its influences?

John Morley tells us in his *Life* of Gladstone, how the great statesman "maintained an inner life amid the ever-swelling rush of urgent secular affairs." He says: "Immersed "in active responsibility for momentous secu- "lar things, he never lost the breath of what "was to him a Diviner ether. Habitually he "strove for the lofty uplands, where political "and moral ideas met. . . . He beheld "the glitter of rank, and station, and pal- "aces, and men and women bearing famous "names, worlds within worlds, high diplo- "matic figures, the partisan leaders, the con- "stant stream of agitated rumours about "mighty affairs in England and Europe, the "keen play of ambition, passion, interests, "under easy manners and fugitive plea- "sures, gross and sordid aims masked by "exterior refinement. . . The artificial "scene was gay and captivating, but much of "it was well fitted to make serious people "wonder. . . . Queen Victoria said "to an Archbishop, 'As I get older I can- "not understand the world. When I look at "the frivolities and littlenesses it seems to me "as if they were all a little mad.' . . . "This was the stage on which Mr. Gladstone, "with 'the dominant tendencies of a '*recluse*' "and a mind that might easily have been "accommodated to the cloister, played his "part."

There are various ways of *sitting by the well.* A memory stored with the treasures of wisdom, and a heart sensitive to noble impressions will enable us to rest by the wayside in the midst of noise and confusion. A good book, a piece of fine music, the sight of the fields, or the song of the thrush in spring may lift our thoughts until they are "hid with Christ in God." I spoke the other Sunday of good Izaak Walton reclining in the meadow with his rod after his week's hard work in the city, and of the Methodist woman, who rose from her sewing to look at the stars through her poor window. This was sitting by the well. John Ruskin, worn by the perplexities of modern life, and weary of his seeming fruitless mission on behalf of the beautiful, found himself one Sunday in a small country church. What the sermon was about he did not afterwards remember; but the day was sunny, he sat in the chancel, and through a little door in the chancel he saw not graves but sheep feeding in the sunshine. And he said it was the divinest church service at which he was ever present. That also was sitting by the well.

And what is it that generally makes the solemn happiness of such experiences? Firstly, *remembrance.* It was Jacob's well where Jesus sat down. His thoughts went back to old times. There is so much to remember worth remembering, and so much we forget by not training ourselves to bear it in mind. Have we not all many beautiful and holy things to recollect? And do we recall them as often and vividly as we might? And when they do come up are we not the better for them? Do they not awaken kind and gentle feelings, and put us in that sad and tender mood when we feel that we love Jesus

Christ, and would wish to have more of his spirit?

Next, there is *realisation.* It comes home to us how wonderful and beautiful life is, and how noble the universe, and how much we have to be thankful for. The common water which the woman draws as part of her ordinary labours, thinking of the needs of her household, becomes the type of heavenly life and satisfaction. Knowing God, and knowing that the world and we are His, we forget the cheerful talkativeness of everyday fellowship, and hear the voice that speaks of eternal realities; "The Water that I shall give shall be a well of water springing up into everlasting life." God is to us a perpetual well of happiness.

Lastly, there is *expectation.* "The hour cometh." Something good is on the way. We are hopeful and confident. To realise God is to realise the possibilities and certainties of the future, for ourselves, for the whole world, for the dead. The hour is always coming when something good will happen. A purer and more sincere religion will find its way among us. A better civilisation is promised for England and all countries. A larger and richer life is held up before each one personally. The Unknown is filled with brightness. Fears are quieted and light is shed upon our sorrows. And we return to our duties resolved to render "a more excellent" service to our Maker and to Man.

EVERY man has within himself treasures of wisdom which he does not suspect. What is passing within himself he does not know. . . . This power of introspection is of inexpressible dignity. By this we become acquainted with spiritual existence,—we enter the spiritual world.—*Dr. Channing.*

I THANK God for the influence of a worshipful church. What the religion of our time has to fear is not that it shall be unscientific in its thought or unpractical in its working. But what we have to fear is this: that in this great transition into clearer thinking and better doing we may pass out of the atmosphere of devout feeling and prayerful meditation—the only atmosphere which is religion's native air.—*Professor F. G. Peabody.*

A Bible Lesson in a Council School.

BY WALTER H. BREEZE.

(The following report appeared in "The Tribune" of May 26, 1906. In its way it is a model lesson for Sunday School Teachers, full of merit and suggestion, which we are sure many of our readers will find both interesting and helpful.)

New every morning is the love,
Our waking and uprising prove;
Through sleep and darkness safely brought,
Restored to life, and power, and thought.

Very sweet were the fresh young voices as they sang lustily their morning hymn with that zeal and enthusiasm which at least in our elementary schools, is new every morning.

"Hands together: Eyes closed," and "Our Father which art in Heaven" came in sweet cadences from children's lips, each petition perfectly phrased, reverent and subdued in tone and full of simple faith.

A pause—and then—

I thank Thee, Lord, for quiet rest,
And for Thy watchful care of me;
O, let me through the day be blest
And kept from every harm by Thee.
O, let me love Thee; kind Thou art
To little children such as I;
Give me a gentle, loving heart,
Be Thou my friend on high.
Teach me to love my parents dear
To do whate'er they tell;
Bless all my friends both far and near,
And keep them ever safe and well—
For Jesus Christ's sake. Amen.

"The lesson this morning is about the Prodigal Son. I will read to you the account written by St. Luke. Pay special attention to the narrative, for I shall ask a little boy presently to tell me the story in his own words."

Very slowly and deliberately the teacher read about the father and his two sons, the

younger son's request, the far country, the Prodigal's sufferings and return, the father's joy, the killing of the fatted calf, and the elder brother's anger. There was not a word of comment here. The Bible story in its simple and sublime language captivated the children, and glistening eyes and expectant faces bespoke keen interest and real enjoyment.

CHILDREN'S IMPRESSIONS.

"Now, I want a boy who can speak clearly to tell me the story."

A forest of hands went up instantly—each child in the room displaying great anxiety to reproduce the parable. An eleven-year-old boy was chosen, and after being duly advised to "speak up" commenced:—

"A certain man had two sons, and the younger said to his father, 'Father, give me the portion of goods which falleth to me.' And his father did, and he went into a far country and wasted his substance in *righteous* living."

A suppressed laugh and the movement of 150 arms suggested something was wrong.

"Please, sir, he said '*righteous* living' instead of '*riotous* living,'" commented a bright-eyed boy on the front row. Very skilfully did the teacher seize the opportunity to write the two words "righteous" and "riotous" on the black-board, and a few carefully chosen questions revealed the difference in meaning.

The boy continued: "And when he came to himself he said, "How many hired servants have my father?' and he fain would have filled his belly with the husks which the swine did eat. Then he went back home, and his father was looking out for him, and ran to meet him and fell on his neck and kissed him. Then they killed the fatted calf and had a feast."

With a word of encouragement the boy returned to his place, and the teacher continued:—

"What is a parable?"

"An earthly story with a heavenly meaning," was the ready response.

"You have been told the earthly story twice; now let us try to find out the heavenly meaning."

"How many persons are mentioned in the parable?"

"Three—the father and his two sons."

"And the servants, sir," insisted a small boy.

"Who is the Father?"

"God."

"What sort of a Father is God?"

"Good," "Loving," "Kind," "Holy," "Tender," came from different parts of the room.

"Is God *your* Father?" queried the teacher. "Yes, sir."

"How do you know that?"

"Please, sir, mother told me He was," was the prompt reply.

"Thank God for that mother, my boy," said the teacher, very tenderly.

"We will write this down on the black-board: 'God is our kind, loving, good, and tender Father.' How many countries are mentioned?"

"One—the far country."

"Who visit this far country?"

"The prodigal sons 'who forsake their Father.'"

"Why do they go to this far country?"

"So that they can do as they like," was the smart reply.

"Is there not another country mentioned?"

"Please, sir, yes—the country where the Father lived."

"Certainly. What shall we call that?"

"The home-country."

"Now we will write this down on the black-board: 'The home-country is near our loving Father. The far country is a long way from our Father, where people do as they like.' Suppose everybody did as they liked in this town, what would probably happen?" asked the teacher.

"Please, sir, there would be a riot," said one.

"It would be bad for everybody," ventured another.

"There would be a famine," suggested a third.

"Do children ever leave the homeland and go to the far country?"

"Yes, sir—when they do wrong and sin against God," was the clever answer.

Moral Lessons.

"Can any boy point out the far country on this map?" asked the teacher with a smile.

This was difficult; but a wide-awake boy answered with confidence:—

"Please, sir, it isn't there."

"Now think. Can any one tell me a far country where boys sometimes go to do as they like and sin against God?"

No answer.

"Very well. I'll write the name of one on the black-board; and amid breathless silence the teacher wrote: "Some boys go to the far country called Cheat Land."

General satisfaction was expressed at the discovery of this strange land.

"What kind of people live in Cheat Land?"

"Cheats, thieves, mean and dishonest people."

"What sort of games do they play there?"

"Please, sir, they don't play games."

"Why?"

"Because they don't play fair if they cheat, and you can't play the game."

"Quite right, my boy, we will write it down:

"'We cannot play the true game of life in the Far Country.'

"Now what did the Prodigal say to himself after a while?"

"I will arise and go to my father."

"What should boys who visit Cheat Land say?"

"The same."

"Will they get a welcome in the Home Land?"

"Yes, sir."

"Certainly. God loves true honest boys, and He wants them to keep very near to Him in the Home Land of Truth and Love."

Again the teacher took hurried visits to other "far countries," known only to those who are intimately acquainted with child-life:

Do-as-you-please Land,
Temper Land,
The Land of Unclean Lips,

contrasting in each case with the Home Land of truth and righteousness, and displaying the chief points of difference on the black-board.

Thus concluded a simple Bible lesson, characterised by originality, thought, and intense earnestness—a lesson well within the range of a child's comprehension, and engendering enthusiasm for right-doing in school and playground.

Would that the bishops and clergy had been there to copy the notes from the black-board!

Common Things.

Give me, dear Lord, thy magic common things,
Which all can see, which all may share,
Sunlight and dewdrops, grass and stars and sea,
Nothing unique or new and nothing rare.

Just daisies, knapweed, wind among the thorns;
Some clouds to cross the blue old sky above;
Rain, winter fires, a useful hand, a heart,
The common glory of a woman's love.

Then when my feet no longer tread old paths
(Keep them from fouling sweet things anywhere),
Write one old epitaph in grace-lit words:
"Such things look fairer that he sojourned here."

Great and Small.

The pine and oak are only flowers
Grown large: they drink the beads of dew
Like little violets, meek and blue,
And battle with the stony powers.

The insect with its gauzy wings,
Sings, and the moth and beetle grim;
And, for the bee, I dote on him,
And know by heart the tune he sings.

Then learn the truth, the base of all,
That all are equal, so they fill
Their proper sphere, and do God's will:
There is no other, great or small.

R. H. Stoddard.

The Attitude of Appreciation.

A peasant is striding across a field in the twilight shadow of a hill. Beyond, where the fold of the hill dips down into the field, another peasant is driving a team of oxen at a plough. The distant figures are aglow with golden mellow light, the last light of day, which deepens the gloom of the shadowing hillside. The sower's cap is pulled tight about his head, hiding under its shade the unseeing eyes. The mouth is brutal and grim. The heavy jaw flows down into the thick, resistive neck. The right arm swings powerfully out, scattering the grain. The left is pressed to his body; the big, stubborn hand clutches close the pouch of seed. Action heroic, elemental; the dumb bearing of the universal burden. In the flex of the shoulder, the crook of the outstretched arm, the conquering onward stride, is expressed all the force of that word of the Lord to the first toiler: "In the sweat of thy face shalt thou eat bread."

Three men are standing before Millet's canvas.

One recognises the subject of the picture. With the pleasure of recognition he notes what the artist has here recorded, and he is interested in the situation. This is a peasant and he is sowing his grain. So the on-looker stands and watches the peasant in his movement, and he *thinks* about the sower. He enjoys also the skill here evidenced—that the painter with pigment and canvas could bring this scene with such reality before his vision. This man's pleasure in the picture has its place.

The second of the three men is delighted with what he calls the "actual beauty" of the painting. His eye is pleased by the deep harmony of colour; it rests lovingly upon the exquisite balance of the composition, and follows with satisfaction the rhythmic flow of line. His enjoyment is a delight purely sensuous. And that, too, has its place.

The third spectator, with no thought of the details of the picture, unconscious for the moment, also, of its merely sensuous charm, feels within himself: "I *am* that peasant!" In his own spirit is enacted the age-long world-drama of toil. He sees beyond the bare subject of the picture; the medium with all its power of sensuous appeal and satisfaction becomes transparent. The beholder enters into the very being of the labourer; and as he identifies himself with this other life outside of him, becoming one with it in spirit and feeling, he adds just so much to his own life. In his reception of the meaning and message of Millet's painting of the Sower he lives more deeply and abundantly.

It is the last of these three men who stands in the attitude of full and true appreciation. Appreciation is not limited to the exercise of the intellect, as in the recognition of the subject of the picture and in the enjoyment of the artist's skill. It does not stop with the gratification of the senses, as with the delight in harmonious colour and rhythmic line and mass. The intellect and the senses are but the channel through which the artist's message flows to reach and rouse the feelings. Appreciation is the projection of our personality into other forms of feeling as embodied in works of art or in the life external to us, and as the essence of that extension of our own life into other forms, the identification of ourselves with them.

Art is more than a record of the facts of nature and human life. It does not consist in the exhibition of mere skill of hand, a dexterity of execution. Its aim is not confined to the setting forth of adroit combinations of agreeable lines, forms, colours, sounds, words. Art is the expression, heightened and intensified, of a meaning inherent in natural objects, and in all the subtle interplay of human emotions and relations. The significance of Millet's picture is not the bare presentation of a peasant at labour in the field, but what Millet felt about the peasant. This situation was eloquent to him of one aspect of universal forces; and his picture achieves its fulfilment in us as it makes us feel within ourselves what Millet felt and here expressed. Nature and life have a meaning which transcends its material embodiment and is addressed to the spirit. Through the intellect and the senses it reaches the emotions. Art is the expression of this meaning. To be receptive of it is the condition of appreciation.

To the awakening mind of a child life is full of wonder, and each unfolding day re-

veals new marvels of excitement and surprise. As yet untrammeled by any sense of the limitations of material, his quick imagination peoples his world with creatures of his fancy which to him are more real than things he is able actually to see and touch. For him the external world is fluid and plastic, to be moulded into forms at will in obedience to his creative desire. In the tiny bundle of rags which mother-love clasps tight to her heart, a little girl sees only the loveliest of babies; and a small boy with his stick of lath and newspaper cap and plume is a mightier than Napoleon. The cruder the toy, the greater the pleasure in the game; for the imagination delights in the exercise of itself. A wax doll, sent from Paris, with flaxen hair and eyes that open and shut, is laid away when the novelty of it is exhausted, in the attic chest, and the little girl is fondling again her first baby of rag and string. A real steel sword and tin helmet are soon cast aside, and the boy is back again among the toys of his own making. With a child material is not the end but a means. Things are for him but the skeleton of life, to be clothed upon by the flesh and blood reality of his own fashioning. His feeling is in excess of his knowledge. He has another faculty of perception than the intellectual. It is imagination.

The child is the first artist. Out of the material around him he creates a world of his own. The prototypes of the forms which he devises exist in life, but it is the thing which he himself makes that interests him, not its original in nature. His play is his expression. He creates; and he is able to merge himself in the thing created. In his play he loses all consciousness of self. He and the toy become one, caught up into the larger unity of the game. According as he identifies himself with the thing outside of him, the child is the first appreciator. Then comes a change.

> Heaven lies about us in our infancy!
> Shades of the prison-house begin to close
> Upon the growing Boy,
> But he beholds the light, and whence it flows,
> He sees it in his joy;
> The Youth, who daily farther from the east
> Must travel, still is Nature's priest,
> And by the vision splendid
> Is on his way attended;
> At length the Man perceives it die away,
> And fade into the light of common day.

Imagination surrenders to the intellect; emotion gives place to knowledge.

Gradually the material world shuts in about us until it becomes for us a hard, inert thing, and no longer a living, changing presence, instinct with infinite possibilities of experience and feeling. Now custom lies upon us

> With a weight
> Heavy as frost, and deep almost as life!

Habit, which is our most helpful ally in giving our daily life its most practical efficiency, is the enemy of emotion and appreciation. Habit allows us to perform without conscious effort the innumerable little acts of each day's necessity which we could not possibly accomplish if every single act required a fresh exercise of will. But just because its action is unconscious and unregarded, habit blunts the edge of our sensibilities. "Thus let but a Rising of the Sun," says Carlyle, "let but a Creation of the World happen *twice*, and it ceases to be marvellous, to be noteworthy, or noticeable."

"Except ye become as little children!" Unless the world is new created for us every day, unless we can thrill to the beauty of nature with its fair surfaces and harmonies of vibrant sounds, or quicken to the throb of human life with its occupations and its play of energies, its burdens and its joys, unless we find satisfaction and delight in sunlight or storms, in the sunset and evening and the stars, in fields and hills or in thronging city streets, in conflict and struggle or in the face of a friend, unless each new day is a gift and a new opportunity, then we cannot interpret the meaning of life nor read the riddle of art. For we cannot truly appreciate art except as we learn to appreciate life. Until then art has no message for us. It is a sealed book, and we shall not open the book or loose the seals thereof. The meaning of life is for the spirit and art is its minister. To unveil the mystery we must become as children.

As the child uses the common things of life to his own ends, transfiguring them by force of his creative desire and fashioning thus a wonderful world of his own by the exercise of his shaping imagination, a world of limitless incident and high adventure; so we must penetrate the visible and tangible actuality around us, the envelope of seemingly inert matter cast in forms of rigid definition, and we must open ourselves to the influence of nature.

That influence, nature's power to inspire, quicken and dilate, flowing through the channel of the senses, plays upon our spirit. The indwelling significance of things is apprehended by the imagination, and is won for us in the measure that we feel.

Feeling is of the very essence of our being. It is as we respond to the emotional appeal of the great universe external to ourselves that we come to realise that the material world which we see and touch is not final. In the experience of us all there are moments of exultation and quickened response, moments of illumination when

> With an eye
> Made quiet by harmony and the deep
> power of joy
> We see into the life of things.

The "life of things" is their meaning for the spirit. By spirit I mean the sum of our conscious being, that complete entity within us which we recognise as the self. The material world, external, visible, tangible, may be regarded as the actual world. The real world is the world of spiritual forces and relations, apprehended by the imagination and received with feeling. Life is the moving of the spirit in emotion.

The measure of life for the individual, therefore, is the degree of intensity with which he feels. Experience is not meted out by weeks and months; it is to be sounded by the depth and poignancy of instant emotion. Variety and multitude of incident may crowd through insentient years and leave no record of their progress along the waste places of their march. Or a day may be a lifetime. In such moments of intensest experience time and space fall away and are not. The outermost bounds of things recede; they vanish altogether: and we are made free of the universe. At such moments we are truly living; then we really *are*.

To define thus emphatically the importance of emotion in our lives is not to ignore the conclusions of modern research which propounds as a basic fact that throughout the scale of nature from the lowest to the highest there is no break in the continuity. But though a dividing line between successive forms cannot be drawn sharply and with precision, yet there are differentiations, and these are clearly recognisable in practical experience. Thus thought and emotion, in the last analysis, are but manifestations in differing degrees of complexity of the same inherent energy, which is motion. But in ordinary consciousness, as we reckon with it in our workaday lives, and for all practical purposes, it is perfectly easy to distinguish between the two states. Thought and emotion are two peaks seen to be distinct in themselves, yet flowing together at their bases and uniting with the common mother earth out of which they spring.

The man who thinks about the peasant, as depicited on Millet's canvas, who recognises who he is and sees what he is doing, has clearly a different order of experience from the man who feels in himself through every fibre of his being what it means to be a peasant. Thought may be described as consciousness in a specialised form; it proceeds out of the functioning of the intellect. Feeling, on the other hand, is the reaction under stimulus not of an organ, but of the entire sentient organism. The response of our whole being, in which all our faculties play together in one great coalescent pulsation, is emotion.

Appreciation is not an intellectual exercise, but derives from emotion. Appreciation is the extension of ourselves into new realms of feeling and the identification of our whole being with these other forms. Such new realms of feeling it is the office of art to discover to us. In his contact with the world external to himself the artist identifies himself with his object. If he is painting a tree, he in a measure becomes a tree; he values it at all because it expresses for him concretely what he feels in its presence. The object and his spirit fuse, and through the

fusion they together grow into a new and larger unity. What this work expresses is not the object for its own sake but this larger unity of his identity with it. To appreciate the artist's work, therefore, we must in our turn merge ourselves in his emotion, and becoming one with it, so extend our personality into larger life.

CARLETON NOYES.

The Swallow.

O happy creature! what stirs thee so?
A spark of the gladness of God thou art.
Why should we seek to find and to know
The secret of thy heart?

Before the gates of his mystery
Trembling we knock with an eager hand:
Silent behind them waiteth He:
Not yet may we understand.

But thrilling throughout the universe
Throbs the pulse of His mighty will;
Till we gain the knowledge of joy or curse
In the choice of good or ill.

He looks from the eyes of the little child,
And searches souls with their gaze so clear:
To the heart some agony makes wild
He whispers, "I am here."

He smiles in the face of every flower;
In the swallow's twitter of sweet content
He speaks, and we follow through every hour
The way His deep thought went.

Here should be courage and hope and faith:
Nought has escaped the trace of His hand:
And a voice in the heart of His silence saith,
"One day we shall understand."

CELIA MAXTER.

WE can always live a high life. We can always have before us beautiful, divine ideals. Walk among high people—people who are living the high life. Be in the company of good books, beautiful pictures, and inspiring music; and let all that one hears, sees, reads, and thinks, lift and inspire the life. Anyone who does that is kept above the lower nature. Many and many a thing which is not directly religious, therefore, comes in to make up a part of the nourishment of the spiritual life.—*Henry Drummond.*

Notes and Jottings.

THE last few weeks have witnessed some brisk doings in the religious world. The judgment of the Court of Appeal in the West Riding case, is exciting and amusing. But chief in importance is the Pope's militant encyclical to the Roman Catholics of France. What the actual issues will be it is impossible to say until the time fixed by the State for the formation of the Religious Associations has elapsed. Perhaps some compromise may be made before that date, and "war to the knife" between Church and State avoided. Some people seem hopeful that in the ferment Protestantism stands to gain something. This seems doubtful. What seems more probable is that, owing to the indiscriminating passion aroused, Religion stands to lose.

In France, it is to be feared, heresy is not sufficiently heretical and intense to become a religious power able to foster the cause of Liberal Christianity. Of mere anti-clericalism and contempt of churches there is abundance, but this will never organise itself into a religion, and will sooner or later die down into a sceptical indifference. The hope of religion is, after all, in Roman Catholics themselves—in the more earnest and enlightened of them.

It may be left to Mr. Kensit and the less educated of the Evangelical Free Churchmen to identify Roman Catholicism with the Inquisition and the Society of Jesus, but what the calmer and more intelligent observer is impressed with in these days is the liberal and progressive element in the Roman Church. Some of us have read Ablee Loisy's extraordinary daring criticism of Harnack's lectures, in which he out-Harnacks Harnack in 'heresy.' This little book, which may be had translated into English as "The Gospel and the Church," should be read by everyone who wishes to know the Liberal tendencies of Romanism. It goes without saying, of course, that the book was condemned by the Vatican authorities: but the point is that it was written and published, and afforded a symbol of the under-current of liberty in a Church, which many men regard as fixed in hopeless immutability.

Perhaps in this holiday season my readers will prefer a novel which would serve the same purpose. I may mention Fogazzard's "The Saint"—which, spite of the prejudice aroused against it by the publishers' prodigious puffing, can be read without much effort. The story may not be up to much, but the insight that it gives us into the progressive and liberal mind of Romanism is worth a great deal. This also was, of course, immediately put on the "index"; but once more, that doesn't matter. The point is that it was written by a loyal Roman Catholic passionately in earnest about the reformation of his Church.

How strong and deep the volume of this Liberal current may be, no one, not in the secret, can tell. But from the outward signs it must be considerable. In the July number of the *Commonwealth*—the organ of the Anglican Christian Social Union—appears a splendidly sincere and passionate protest by a young Roman Catholic layman against the recent Vatican policy. The writer is the Marchese Gallarati Scotti of Milan, "a worthy heir," we are told by Mr. Lilley, "of Marzoni and the great Milanese tradition." He is absolutely loyal to the Church, but his loyalty is neither blind nor abject. "The more intensely our thought shares in the life of to-day, the more accentuated grows our intellectual sympathy for the Church, as the only body which, sloughing off all that in herself which has had special reference to epochs and peoples that are dead and gone, and *purifying herself in her forms, has the power to become, in the most absolute manner, Catholic.*" The words we have italicised are significant enough, but he goes on to say that "on the other hand, with the consciousness of Christian solidarity that has come of reflection, there has gone on unfolding in us the consciousness of *a reasonable obedience.* . . . . The door that leads to the Church is always open equally for those who would pass out. . . . Our life in Christianity is in a certain sense an intellectual and moral reconquest. It is a truth sought and found, not accepted blindly on the word of authority: and therefore we cannot renounce continuance in research, without diminishing the very energy of our faith."

Once more it is hardly necessary to say that the Italian paper, *Cultura Sociale*, in which this protest originally appeared, was suppressed by the secret pressure of the Vatican party. But again the point is that the letter was written at all and published. In the light of such evidences the case of France multiplies its interest. "The door that leads to the Church is always open equally to those who would pass out." Will any of the more enlightened French priests and laymen make this an occasion for passing out? And if they do, will they start the coming New Reformation and organise a Church, not this time "Protestant" and "orthodox," but really free and genuinely catholic? If so they will *do* what Martineau, Thorn, Tayler, Beard, and the best minds among us, *dreamed.*

J. M. Lloyd Thomas.

A Sunset Thought.

The sun is burning with intensest light
Behind yon grove; and in the golden glow
Of unconsuming Fire, it doth show
Like to the Bush, in which to Moses' sight
The Lord appeared! and O, am I not right
In thinking that he reappears e'en now
To me, in the old Glory, and I bow
My head, in wonder hush'd, before His might!

Yea! this whole world so vast, to Faith's clear eye,
Is but that burning Bush full of His Power,
His light, and Glory; not consumed thereby,
But made transparent: till in each least flower,
Yea! in each smallest leaf, she can descry
His Spirit shining through it visibly!

Henry Ellison.

Throw away all ambitions beyond that of doing the day's work well. Receive into your heart of hearts this maxim of Carlyle: "Your business is not to see what lies dimly at a distance, but to do what lies clearly at hand."—*Dr. Wm. Osler.*

The Cheerful View.

THOSE born before the middle of the last century, who remember the archaic doctrines of Calvinism and predestination, can alone estimate accurately the immense change that has, during the past fifty years, taken place in the religious outlook. The cheerful aspect, the roseate tone, had been practically absent from the Protestant faith since the Reformation. In that great, solemn movement the pendulum of reform and rebuke of levity and light-heartedness swung to the extreme point. Slowly, with many halts and returns upon itself, it has returned to a more natural and rational outlook upon life and man's destiny.

The Puritan spirit was crushed in England, in the time of Charles II., when old Catholic customs began to revive with added force, due to the long repression of sentiments that create the gayety of nations. But the modern revulsion is with a difference. Though the cheerful view has come, never probably to be ousted again by the deep gloom of the witch times in New England, or even of Jonathan Edwards's day, still it is not in the spirit of a licentious age, but as a rational and enlightened phase of feeling, that sees no profit in gloom for its own sake,—nothing religious or well pleasing to God, but rather a direct violation of divine precepts, or an unwholesome phase of feeling growing oftentimes out of diseased nerves and harmful broodings over unsolvable problems of evil.

This might be judged a return upon the more innocent and cheerful ideas of Catholicism, that seeks not only to provide for the people's spiritual welfare, but also for profitable enjoyments and pleasure, that takes account not only of the soul, but of the senses. But the Catholic view-point is not, after all, the same as this new, cheerful aspect of nearly all the other Christian faiths, and does not account for their persistent turning toward the light, with hope and aspiration for cardinal virtues.

This is a new cult, based on different foundations,—an enlarged humanizing, liberal view of God's dealings with his children, the feeling that we are already living in his house of many mansions, which, on the whole, is a cheerful and pleasant abode, and under his governance, established on wise laws, it is our duty to study and obey.

It comes from the banishment of an alien God from our minds and imaginations,—a kind of absentee landlord God who punishes through his agents, of whom the chief is the devil, but personally knows and cares little about his family. God, in a sense, has come home to live with us through our affections. The terror is less than the love in our hearts. We are not so much afraid of him, in spite of the catastrophes of nature and the wickedness of the world, that we cannot trust him. In a sense he has become, or is becoming, a father, instead of a governor and despot. As it has been said that the idea of God is the pivot of philosophy, if it be not the whole, we may attribute the more cheerful view of the world's religion to a more rational and a more loving view of the relation we sustain to the one who made us and breathed into us the breath of life.

The broadening of the light has been one of those great movements that the human mind makes instinctively. The old point of view was not free from idol worship. The Bible was scarcely more a book of spiritual instruction than a book of spells and omens. Its religious influence was obscured, and much that was archaic in its teaching, expressed or implied, lingered far into the nineteenth century, and still has survivals that excite more of surprise than conviction. Slowly the black and ominous shadow has been dissipated: the new psychology is teaching the danger of tendencies that have filled our asylums with deranged intellects. The marvellous force of self-deception and illusion is coming slowly to light. We are learning how the mind can raise clouds that shadow life with gloom, and create impressions sickly, sinister, dreadful, that too often in the past have been called religious. The soul's health and how to preserve it is beginning to receive much-needed attention as an offset to the study of the soul's diseases.

Science has done an immense work in bringing in the cheerful view. Though often and unfairly thought to be alien, its indirect effect upon religious belief has been the greatest single influence in the change wrought by the new attitude. It has with-

drawn nothing of wonder, reverence, and the need of worship from the heart of man. By the immensity of the universe it has revealed, it has made necessary a new conception of God that in amplitude and sublimity dwarfs all other gods. It has not lowered the soul of man, or human consciousness, from the most exalted place in the known creation. If it has not discovered a heaven, neither has it found a hell; and the mysteries of both the creature and the Creator deepen as the domain of knowledge extends.

In spite of pessimism, a modern disease due to many causes, the outlook of religion is more cheerful, confiding, trustful, than probably it ever was before. A noble service and self-surrender for God, without the maceration of the flesh or the murder of human instincts, is still the highest ideal of life. Strong, vigorous, joyous existence is not incompatible with obedience to the Christian's ideal. Simplicity, manliness and womanliness, modesty, pure and consecrated affections, —these are the feeders and stimulants of the cheerful view that makes existence not a form of cryptic worship in a damp and gloomy vault, but a noble choral service in the sun-smitten temple of the Most High.

Stories about Dr. Temple.

THE archbishop was a teetotaler, and he believed that these principles accounted for his own long life and his vigor at an advanced age. This fact makes it allowable to repeat the following anecdote. On one occasion, when Bishop of London, Dr. Temple was entertaining a number of young men who were just about to be ordained by him. To make the time pass pleasantly after dinner, his lordship invented a new parlor game. "I will go into my study and lie down," he explained, "and then you must come in one by one, and address me as you intend to do your future parishioners when paying a sick call." To their discomfiture, the host suited the action to the word, and disappeared, leaving his guests in considerable perturbation. Minutes passed, and presently the archbishop's voice was heard severely asking, "Are you going to keep me here all night?" Accordingly, lots were cast, and the die fell on a young Ulsterman. Entering the adjoining study with an assured step, and advancing to the sofa, he shook his head sadly, and observed, "Frederick, Frederick! so it's the dhrink again,—the dhrink again!" Then, sighing heavily, he retired. The bishop then found it was time for the whole party to adjourn to the drawing-room.

When Bishop of London, he attended a social gathering, where a lady came to him in great excitement, and said: "O bishop! my aunt has had a wonderful escape. She was detained yesterday, or she would have been killed in that terrible railway accident. Was it not providential?" "Madam," replied the bishop, "I do not know your aunt, so I cannot say.

Dr. Temple was often greeted affectionately by unknown young men who turned out to be old Rugby boys. The Bishop got into the way of pretending to remember the identity of any such person, simply to save lengthy, and sometimes crestfallen, explanations. One day at Oxford a handsome youth greeted him with a fervent shake of the hand. "Eh?" said the always curt Bishop, abstractedly. "You quite well?" "Yes," replied the young man, with graciousness. "All well at home?" said the Bishop. The young man stared slightly, but replied courteously, "All well, thank you." "Father well?" said the Bishop. "My father, sir, is dead," said the young man, with a little pardonable sternness. "Ah!" said the utterly undisturbed bishop; "and how's your mother?" "Sir," replied the young man, with great gravity, "her Majesty the Queen is in excellent health." He was Prince Leopold, the Duke of Albany, to whom Dr. Temple had been tutor, but whom that unimpressionable bishop had for the time being forgotten.

A story less familiar shows his sense of justice, and his way of making the best out of a trying situation.

When Temple was at Exeter, a clergyman walked over from his parish, some six or seven miles away, to consult his diocesan. It was a hot, a dusty, and a thirsty day, and almost immediately as conversation began the palace luncheon bell rang. The bishop dismissed the poor parson brusquely, with the

very tantalizing remark: "I must go to lunch." But at the next diocesan conference, of which, of course the bishop was president, that parson related the story in full detail, and respectfully urged that the Bishop failed in fatherly sympathy, and was not, as a bishop should be, "given to hospitality." Not the slightest sign of feeling appeared on Temple's face, and the ordinary debate proceeded; but, when in due course he came to sum it up, he simply referred to the story in these words: "As to what Mr. —— says, his narrative is true, and the accusation is just."

Personal Influence.

As the light of a lamp passes in instantaneous vibration from atom to atom till the whole room is radiant, or the quivering circles from a pebble thrown into a lake stretch on from shore to shore, so the silent impulse of a single life thrills from heart to heart till the very edges of humanity are touched.

An invisible yet ceaseless current is flowing from every person, bearing its freight of love or hate, hope or despair, truth or falsehood, out into the highways of the world, riveting the members of the human family together.

No one can live alone. For good or for bad, personal influence inevitably finds its way to other lives, whether we will or no.

This fact may at first sight seem almost appalling. Nothing to separate us? No uncrossable gulf between us and the lowest? The most degraded blackening with his evil the pulse of life that throbs on till it reaches us.

Yet we should remember that neither is there any barrier above. Even our faintest aspiration or feeblest effort wakens some response, quickens some sympathy, in hearts purer than our own, finds expression through lips more eloquent than ours, and lives in lives nobler and holier. Thus we are inspired to go on, knowing that the little we do is caught up and carried higher through endless chains of secretly communicating human lives. Thus we may find strength and cheer in the saddest hour, knowing that we are not alone, not outcast, not cut off from help, but that invisible ties unite us and all we are and all we do, both above and below, with the vast host of aspiring humanity. Wonderful, indeed, is it not? To think how one frail little being may thus influence the whole world! But let us mark this: it is not always the same way. It is for good or for bad.

It must be one or the other.

If you ever lie, or practise any deceit, think evil, or act dishonestly, then you are injecting poison into the arteries of all the world's life.

If you are harsh and unkind, cruel or unjust, you are injuring the delicate fibres that must be woven into the world's judgment robe. In every wrong, every baseness, meanness, or selfishness, you are harming not yourself alone, but the whole great family of man.

And, on the other hand, when you speak fearlessly a brave, true word, when you perform cheerfully a hard and trying task, whenever you are faithful, earnest, honest, patient, pure, whether you know it or not, you are strengthening the unseen impulses which make for nobility and higher manhood throughout the world. You are guiding someone else into the right path. You are dissipating some blinding cloud and letting more divine sunlight into darkened corners. You are creating goodness. Unborn immortal souls will some day or other rise up and call you blessed, for the power you *started* ennobled them. You are hand in hand with the Infinite. You are about the wonderful Father's wonderful business.

There is not one of the very least of all the great human race who is not every day thus exercising personal influence upon the world.

And this always, ceaselessly.

There are times, no doubt, when we think we are alone. Moments when we imagine no eye sees us, no heart feels the throbbing of our own. But you may be quite sure it never can be so. No human being can escape from the world's atmosphere. Though he fly to the uttermost parts of the sea or hide in the depths of the dense city, some life is affected by his.

We cannot keep the influence of our own thoughts, our own emotions, to ourselves. If we secretly mourn and refuse to speak, the world misses our voice. . . If we look depressed, some one notes it and sighs. The

fountain of the heart plays its stream of feeling over our whole being, and dyes our every expression with spiritual and immortal tints.

Surely, then, when once we really recognise this profound truth, we shall seek earnestly to make the most of this invisible bond which binds us to the whole world.

Remembering our divine relationship to all, knowing how the very words of our lips and the tones of our voice will vibrate on and on, through countless lives, as the sound of a bugle-note echoes in a thousand reverberations through the mountain passes, far, far beyond recall, we shall strive to speak no words but such as carry cheer, hope, gladness, where they pass.

Seeing how inevitable it is that the least compromise with wrong, the smallest harmful act, will stain not our own hands only, but the lives of those we never know or see, shall we not exert greater effort to keep our daily conduct at its highest level?

How the slightest action, the smallest of our little duties, takes on new importance, when seen in this marvellous relation to the world at large! The wise and the learned and the powerful and the great cannot say unto the poor and the weak and the lowly and unknown, We have no need of thee! We are all not only precious in the sight of God, but of incalculable value to each other. Who can measure the divine possibilities that are in our hands?

Everywhere around and about us run the invisible streams of vital life, more subtle than the electric spark, more mysterious than the energy that rolls the stars along their trackless way, streams that ceaselessly, whether we will or no, carry the impulse of our secret life, far and near, out into the throbbing tide of the great world's hopes and fears.

By every brave and cheerful effort we are reforming, uplifting, renewing, inspiring, hearts and souls we never heard of, never knew, the whole world becoming stronger, for every bit of moral courage we create, sweeter for every kindly look we give, holier for every good deed we do.

News from the Field.

THE months hurry along, and bring with them, as well as take away with them, the inevitable changes; some of them, it may be, of no great moment, but all having an important bearing upon the world of life in which we have our transient being.

We have changes to record, as usual, in the story of our Ministry. Briefly we note that the *Rev. H. S. Tayler, M.A.*, late of *Dukinfield*, goes to *Chesterfield*, while *Rev. E. G. Evans, B.A.*, from *Chesterfield*, goes to *Dukinfield*, changes which, we hope, will benefit all concerned; a convert from the Congregational Body at *Bradford*, the *Rev. Melchizedeck Evans*, has accepted a call to *Aberdare*, and the *Rev. J. D. Evans*, of *Cwmbach* to *Chester;* the *Rev. E. A. Voysey, M.A.*, has undertaken the Ministry at *Northampton;* the *Rev. W. E. George, M.A.*, from *Swinton*, is to take the oversight of the Congregation at *Urmston*, and *Chorlton-cum-Hardy*, and *John Ewart, Th.D., M.A., &c.*, is to be minister at *Stourbridge*.

These, and other changes in process of arrangement will, we trust, lead to new and useful activities, and tend both to the welfare of the Ministers and the Congregations committed to their charge.

Our friend, *Dr. Crothers*, has kept up his interesting and manifold activities, since he completed his engagement at *Birmingham*. He has visited many congregations, spoken at various meetings, exhorted students who are entering the ministry, re-opened places of worship, and opened a new Church Hall for that stalwart of our Free Church, the Rev. A. Webster, of *Aberdeen*. Dr. Crothers is making a great mark among us, and will leave deep and permanent traces of his work and influence when he goes back to America. *Mr. Wood*, no doubt, will have left a similar record among our friends in the *United States*.

We are glad to note that, in addition to *Douglas* and the *Lakes*, summer services are being held at *Harrogate*, and that the *Yorkshire* friends are doing their best to make them thoroughly successful.

The wandering *Van* is going about from place to place, from village to town, and from quiet country lanes to crowded Market Places, and audiences varying from 20 to 500 gather to listen to the Missioners who are expounding the living principles of one common faith, especially what, with little wisdom, Lord Halifax calls "the non-Christian Dogmas of the Fatherhood of God, the Brotherhood of Man, and the 'Sermon on the Mount.'" This *may not* be Christian teaching, but it is our gospel, and is the teaching of Jesus of Nazareth. We do not wonder that the "*Isle of Man*," and various parts of *England* not yet touched, are crying out for the Van and its Missioners.

The *Southern Unitarian Association* has been holding its meetings in Newport, Isle of Wight, and the *Eastern Union* has been similarly engaged at *Diss*. In both places there was a good spirit, and a looking out for better days and things.

Our people at *Staleybridge* have been heartened by a substantial bequest of £500 from one of their former members, *Mr. J. Greenwood*.

The South Wales Unitarians have been cheering each other at *Cribyn, Cardiganshire*, and now are back at their posts with increase of zeal, and brightened hopes.

The Hill tops of *Great Hucklow* are resounding with the glad voices of children from our manufacturing towns, who, week by week, come up to the Holiday Home and rejoice in the freedom and fresh mountain air they get on the Peak of Derbyshire, and the good things provided for them by the fine thoughtfulness of the *Manchester District Sunday School Association*. We wish there were more such holiday centres to which our children could easily and economically go. We could thus brighten the lives of thousands.

It was an excellent idea of the friends at *Sheffield*, with the Rev. C. J. Street at their head, to celebrate at *Upper Chapel*, and at *Scrooby* the Ter-Centenary of Nonconformity. Such celebrations brace up the strength of our young people, and make them feel that they belong to a mighty movement of spiritual freedom, and that they ought to live and work accordingly.

The Education Controversy is occupying all the best intellect of the country; but the supreme idea in the minds of Prelates, Priests, and Politicians, does not touch the great issues of the training of the children into good citizenship; but only the surest methods of making them bigoted Churchmen or Romanists, and the slaves of an ecclesiasticism which would inevitably lead back to the dark ages of Christian history. Until we get to the bedrock of secular education, and cast upon the religious bodies the responsibility of giving spiritual teaching to the young people of the nation, there will be no peace among distracted Politicians and wily Prelates.

Only a few months ago we hailed the departure of the Editor of this Journal and his devoted wife to the United States, and we heard of them from time to time as they went in and out among our brethren across the seas, making friends all along their way, and we were anticipating with gladness their return to England, where the heartiest welcome awaited them. But the ways of the Eternal are beyond our grasp. In very sight of the shores of home the loved and honoured wife and comrade breathed her last, and *Mr. Wood*, heart-broken, and bowed down, could only bring with him, into the home she so longed to see, the casket in which her beautiful and saintly soul had lived. No human words can sound the depths of the sorrows of the bereaved husband and children, or tell fully how pure and gentle a life has passed out of Time into Eternity. To Him who is the only sufficient Comforter and Refuge we commit both those who live and suffer on earth, and the dear one who has passed into the light of Heaven.

Others also have passed away from our household of faith—the sweet soul of *Jane Aspden* of *Wood Green*, the large-hearted Philanthropist *W. Colfox* of *Bridport*, a patient worker like *Evan Jones* of *Aberdare*, and a convinced convert to our lofty faith like the *Rev. F. J. Blake* of *London*, these and others are dwellers among us no more. And amongst these; veterans of our Faith and earnest workers of Righteousness like the *Rev. John Bevân*, and notably the *Rev. Thos. Leyland* will be no more heard setting forth the gospel which they both taught and lived. But none of them will be forgotten, nor will they have lived in vain. Reverently we bear them in our hearts, and earnestly desire that we like them, may be "faithful unto death."

SCRUTATOR.

Aug. 17th, 1906.

The Seed Sower.

By Post, 1/6 per annum.

SPECIAL TERMS FOR CHURCHES TAKING 50 COPIES AND ABOVE.

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All business communications should be addressed to
MR. ARNOLD WOOD, WHITEHALL CHAMBERS, COLMORE ROW, BIRMINGHAM.
Letters for the Editor to be sent to 120, Gough Road, Birmingham.

THE TEMPLAR PRESS, 168, EDMUND STREET, BIRMINGHAM